

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Humble Heroes.

It might not be so difficult to lead the light brigade.
While the army cheered behind you, and the files and bugles played;
It might be rather easy, with the war-shriek in your ears,
To forget the bite of bullets and the taste of blood and tears.
But to be a scrubwoman, with four babies or more,
Every day, every day setting your back on the rack,
And all your reward forever not quite a full bite
Of bread for your babes, say!
In the heat of the day
You might be a hero to head a brigade,
But a hero like her? I'm afraid I'm afraid!

It might be very feasible to force a great reform,
To saddle public passion and to ride upon the storm;
It might be somewhat simple to ignore the roar of wrath,
Because a second thought broke out to cheer you on your path.
But he who alone and unknown, is true to his view,
Unswayed by the crush of the million-browed
Blatting crowd,
Unwon by the flabby-brained, blinking cove,

Which he sees
Throned and anointed, say!
At the height of the fray,
You might be the chosen to captain the throng,
But to stand alone? How long? How long?
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Miss Harrison's Story.

Readers of the March number of "The Smart Set" will set down as one of its best contributions a story entitled "A Venial Offense," written by Miss Norvell Harrison, of this city.

To the most casual, as well as to the most critical reader, it is at once apparent that the story is wholly removed from the realm of the ordinary and the commonplace. It is expressed in clear, vigorous English of faultless construction; the situations are as interesting as they are remarkable, and lead naturally up to the conclusion, as to a climax in a series of surprises. A young woman, clever, ambitious and hardworking, makes her bow to the reader in Miss Harrison's opening paragraphs. She has just arrived at a summer boarding place—located, one infers, somewhere in the neighborhood of New York city—and finds, almost on the moment of arrival, that she has lost her hand-bag containing a very large sum of money necessary for her daily and weekly expenses. Being a resourceful young person, she recovers from her first dismay to consider the situation helpfully, and decides, with the help of her landlord, to give a lecture as the best means of repaying her loss. In the hurry of preparing her lecture, she finds that the only lecture materials at her command are drawn from some short-hand notes taken down by her, when she attended a lecture some years previous, during an European tour. She arranges these notes to her satisfaction and begins to consider her initial effort as a lecturer, a success, until, in the midst of her audience, looking at her with puzzled interest and curiosity, she discovers the man whose lecture she has appropriated, and is delivering for her own benefit and profit.

The rest of the story embodies the development of a suggestive romance, in relating how the embarrassing position in which the heroine found herself, was explained away, and how, in the so doing, the lecturer also found themselves mutually attracted, the one toward the other.

One reads the concluding word of an episode in which all this is so well presented, with an "Oliver Twist" desire to know "over" while the realization is borne in upon the mind that author has done exceedingly well in ringing the curtain down while her literary audience is still in the full flush of interest and enthusiasm.

Probably Miss Harrison will gratify those who have enjoyed "A Venial Offense" by later stories, published at a later date. Certain it is that she will have to do extremely well, to go beyond the standard she has established for herself in the beginning.

Cooper—Knight.

Many friends of the contracting parties are interested in the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Knight, daughter of Mr. Wray Thomas Knight, to Mr. George Cooper, Jr., the son of the Rev. Dr. George Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, of Media, Pa., to be celebrated quietly at 4 o'clock this afternoon, in the home of the bride, the Rev. Dr. Cooper officiating.

Miss Louise Talbot Knight will attend her sister in maid of honor, and Mr. Homer Cooper, the brother of the groom, will be best man. Other members of the bridal party will include Mr. William E. Crawford, Mr. Harry P. Talbot, Mr. Julien Gunn, of Richmond, and Mr. Joseph E. Venable, of Petersburg, Va.

At the Woman's Club.

Nothing daunted by the bad weather, a large and brilliant audience assembled at the Woman's Club last afternoon, to hear Judge L. L. Lewis's fine address on the "Virginia Signers of the Declaration of Independence," and to enjoy the reception afterward.

The address was splendidly conceived and splendidly executed. Judge Lewis having his heart thoroughly in his subject and handling it in a masterly manner. Chairman's guests were Mrs. Cassie Cabell, Mrs. John Lotter, Mrs. Everett Wadley, Mrs. Hall of Danville; Mrs. Miles Cary, Mrs. M. C. Patterson, Mrs. Landon Mason, Mrs. John Unshur, Mrs. Eugene Massey and Mrs. William Crafts, of New York.

Mrs. W. J. Johnson was at the coffee

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POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 424.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

By HOLMES.

This was written in 1885. Other selections from Holmes, his portrait, autograph and biographical sketch have already been printed in this series.

THERE is no time like the old time,
When you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed
And the birds of springtime sung;
The garden's brightest glories
By summer suns are nursed;
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets,
The flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place
Where you and I were born;
Where we lifted first our eyelids
On the splendors of the morn;
From the milk-white breast that warmed us,
From the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us,
That will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend,
Who has shared our morning days;
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise!
Fame is the scentless sunflower,
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love,
That we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling,
And we're fading side by side.
There are blossoms all around us,
With the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine
When the day-star is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times.
They shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place;
Keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends,
May Heaven prolong their lives;
There are no loves like our old loves—
God bless our loving wives!



This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

table and Mrs. Samuel Waddill poured tea.

Annual Silver Tea.

The Rebekah Bazaar Circle of "The King's Daughters" will hold its annual Silver Tea, Friday, February 21st, in the home of Mrs. George T. King, No. 617 West Grace Street, from 4 to 7 P. M. This circle works exclusively for the Sheltering Arms Hospital, and given all proceeds to that institution. The following ladies are also members: Mrs. W. H. Nelson, secretary; Mesdames J. O. Taylor, Thomas Christian, Thomas B. Floyd, J. B. Kidd, H. Lee Lorraine, S. J. Beveridge, E. H. Peterkin, George T. King and Misses Annie Ball and Annie Jacobs. The members of other circles and friends of the Sheltering Arms are invited to attend.

Social Club Entertainment.

Miss Mattie Brown, of Salem, Va., charmingly entertained the Social Club on Thursday evening, February 19th, at the home of her sister, Mrs. W. W. Harvey, on Broad Street, Salem, from 8 to 12 P. M.

The club meeting was a Valentine event, the rooms being tastefully decorated with hearts. Progressive hearts was the game of the evening, the score cards being of heart-shape design, with an ornate, done by Miss Brown, on each. The lady's first prize, which was a beautiful pillow cover, with C. Allan Gilbert's famous Valentine painting, copied by Miss Brown, was won by Miss Mary Templeton, of Waynesboro, Va. This gentleman's first prize, being a solid gold double heart stick pin studded with pearls, was won by Mr. Lewis Langhorne. The lady's consolation prize, which was a sterling silver heart stick pin, was won by Miss Letha Chandler. The gentleman's consolation prize, being a heart-shaped sterling key ring, was won by Mr. Stanley Shugart, of Charlottesville, Va.

After the prizes were awarded delicious refreshments, consisting of salads, pickles, olives, sandwiches, coffee, lemonade and cakes, were served. Those present were Dr. and Mrs. R. Minor Wiley, Misses Louisa Logan, Annie Langhorne, Mattie and Bessie Henderson, Lottie Cromwell, Norah and Mary Shanks, Mary Foster, Eugene and Hannah Armstrong, Claudine Ferguson, June Johnston, Nellie and Jeanette White, Mary Templeton, of Waynesboro, Va.; Eugenia Griffin and Letha Chandler.

The gentlemen were Messrs. George W. Logan, Jr., Robert Logan, Lewis Langhorne, Marvin Altizer, Horace Fox, St. Clair Brown, George Walton, Lyle McClung, Frank Wiley, W. B. Tinsley, G. B. Koonz, C. A. Burwell, Stanley Shugart, Fred. Hinker and George Reese.

Miss Bryant to Recite.

Miss Maggie Bryant, of Church Hill, will recite at the entertainment to be given this evening by the Ladies' Parsonage Society of Aubrey Place Methodist Church in the home of Mr. Irvin Suther-

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Hilda's Guild of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Ragged Mountain fund. The society maintains a school in the Ragged Mountain district, which bears the name of the guild, being known as St. Hilda's School.

The officers are: Mrs. John Kerr Branch, president; Mrs. George B. McDaniels, vice-president; Mrs. John G. Blair, second vice-president, and Mrs. Hugh Miller, secretary.

Those who will appear on the program are: Mrs. George W. Warren, soprano; Miss Annie Louise Reinhardt, violinist; Miss Marjorie Knowles, contralto, and Mrs. F. C. Morton. The programme is herewith given:

PROGRAMME.
Romance.....Svensson
Allersulen.....Richard Straus
Ave Maria.....Gounod
(obligato by Miss Reinhardt)
Mrs. Warren
(a) Something Sweet to Tell You.....Fanning
(b) Under the Rose.....Fisher
Mr. Morton
(c) Berceuse.....Godard
(d) Madrigal.....Simmons
Miss Reinhardt
Billard.....Von Feltz
Mrs. Warren
(e) Fair and Sweet and Holy.....Cantor
Mr. Morton
(f) Sapphic Ode.....Brahms
(g) Madrigal.....Harris
Miss Knowles
Martha Washington Tea.
The ladies of Fairmont Baptist Church will give a Martha Washington tea party at the church next Thursday night, February 23d, at 8 o'clock. The proceeds will be devoted to the church debt, and the ladies hope to be well patronized. An evening of real pleasure is promised all who attend.

Hunt Ball Invitations.
Invitations for the hunt ball to be given by the Deep Run Club in Masonic Temple on the evening of March 6th, at 9 o'clock, will have the date, 1903, stamped in white. The die, a fox head holding a scroll, is scorched with the name of the club, will be in red, and the colors of the club will thus be handsomely displayed on the cards.

Personal Mention.
Miss Southworth, of Batavia, New York,

THE DARROW ENIGMA.

By MELVIN L. SEVERY.

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CHAPTER I—Continued.

I feel that I should remind you again of our compact, at least, that part of it which permits you to dispense with my services whenever you shall see fit to do so, and at the same time to relieve you from your obligation to let me order your actions. I tell you frankly it will be necessary for you to discharge me, if you would be rid of me, for unless you do so, or I find the assassin, I shall never cease my search so long as I have the strength and means to conduct it. What do you say? Have I not proved my usefulness?" This was said in a tentative, half-fearing tone. Gwen answered it very seriously.

"You have done for me," she said, in the deep, vibrating tones of her rich contralto voice, "all that human intelligence could suggest. You have examined the evidence and conducted the whole affair with a thoroughness which I never could have obtained elsewhere. That you have been unavailing in due, not to any fault of yours, but rather to the consummate skill of the assassin, who, I think, we may conclude is no ordinary criminal. I do not know much of the abilities of Messrs. Osborne and Allen, but I understand that Mr. Godin has the reputation of being the cleverest detective in America. I cannot learn that he has made any progress whatever in the solution of this terrible mystery. I do not feel, therefore, that you have any right to reproach yourself. Such hope as I have in the success of your search, may be brought to justice rests in your efforts, else I should feel bound to relieve you of a task, which, though self-imposed, is none the less onerous and ill-paid. Do not consider me altogether selfish if I ask that you still continue the search, and I am aware that I can never fully repay the kindness I am asking of you, but wait for her to finish.

"Let us not speak of that," he said, "it is enough to know that you are still at work in your behalf. There is nothing affords me keener pleasure than to struggle with and solve a problem, and I am glad to have you as a partner in the mathematics of crime, and then—well, even if I succeed, I shall quit the work your doctor spoke this last impulsively, and when he had finished he remained silent, as if surprised and a bit nettled at his own failure to control himself. Gwen made no reply, not even raising her eyes, but I noticed that her fingers were busied with the ends of the cord, and once she began to labor for readjusting the tiny cord on the arm of her chair, and I thought that, if appearances were to be trusted, that she was endeavoring to control the change she had made in the bit of lace work beneath her hands. As I watched her own failure to control herself, I was always surprised me. Alice now introduced the subject of the Young People's Club, and mentioned incidentally that Gwen was to have charge of the next meeting. Before Gwen had time to inform Matland that she intended to decline the honor, he contrived to interrupt her by saying: "If I should thank you, Miss Darrow, for the faithful way in which you row, for the faithful way in which you permit me to order your actions, I know, if you consulted your own honor, you would probably decline the honor conferred upon you, and that in accepting it, you are influenced by the knowledge that you are pursuing a noble course. I must wish you to follow. Verily, you make my office of servant over you a perfect pleasure. I had expected you to be a little more resistant, but instead, I find you voluntarily yielding to my unexpressed desires."

Gwen made no reply, but we heard no more of the matter. She applied herself at once to the preparation of her paper upon "Antony and Cleopatra." Matland, who, like all young men, was an admirer of Shakespeare, found time to call on Gwen and to discuss the play with her. He was very much interested in the play, and he had full possession of his senses, was these words of "Egypt, dying."

He professed himself utterly unable to account for this, and asked me what I thought was the cause of it. He further said that he had decided that he would ask Gwen to propose his name for membership in the Young People's Club, and that he had resolved, for I had a vague sort of feeling that it would "Cleopatra" night at length arrived. We all attended the meeting and listened to a very able and interesting play. One of the most marked traits of Gwen's character is that whatever she does she does thoroughly, and this was fully evidenced in the play. Matland was very much impressed by some verse Gwen had written for the occasion, and in preparing from which he succeeded in procuring from

who is the guest of Miss Helen Wadley, will be entertained by Miss Wadley Thursday afternoon, February 23d, from 6 to 8 o'clock.

Mrs. John L. Marve, of Newport News, entertained on Friday night, Feb. 20th, a number of her house guests, Miss Elizabeth Todd Robins, of this city, and Miss Rebecca Dickinson, of Fredericksburg.

Miss Emma Thomas has been having a delightful visit to friends in Newport News.

Colonel Helm and Miss Helm, of Washington, were the guests of Mr. John G. Walker last week.

Miss Louise du Barry has returned to Norfolk after a visit of some days to Richmond friends.

Mrs. M. W. Woodward was the guest of Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, of Staunton, during a recent visit to her daughters, Messrs. Harrison and Latta, who are students at the Virginia Female Institute.

Captain and Mrs. John Sargent Wain were expected to arrive in Richmond last evening from New York and be at the Jefferson Hotel until Wednesday. Later Mrs. Wain will visit Mrs. O. A. Crumshaw, who will return to be delivered this evening in the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Old Dominion Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, will be "Personal Reminiscences of One-Half the Presidents."

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Rouse, of "Sunset Hill," have left for an extended tour South and West. They will first visit St. Augustine and other points in Florida, going thence to New Orleans to visit the Mardi Gras. From there they will visit the Grand Canyon and other parts of Colorado, then going to Coronado Beach Hotel, at San Diego, Southern California, where they will spend about six weeks. They will also visit Los Angeles, San Francisco, and other points in California.

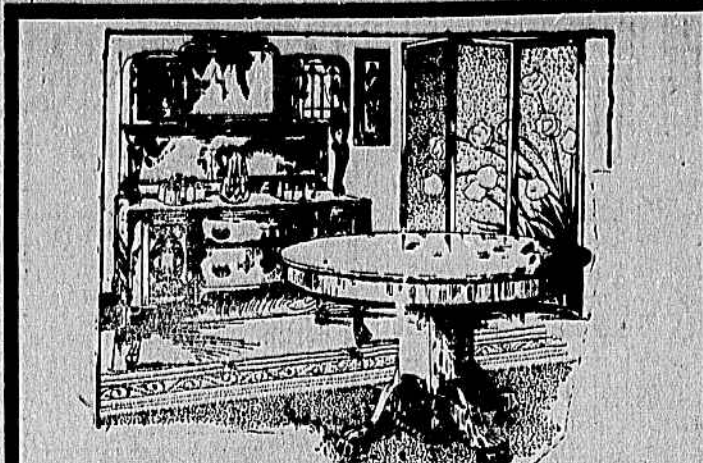
Mrs. W. M. Park, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Ike Reinach, on North Sixth Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Reinach are spending some time at the Hotel Astor, New York. They will return after March 4th and will stop in Washington, D. C., for the inaugural ceremony.

Miss Annie Mae Rhodes, of Cartersville, Va., will be in Richmond several days this week. She will render some piano selections at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday night, at which place she studies music.

her, I think, from certain remarks he made, that it was the broad and somewhat unfeeling charity expressed in the verse which most astonished and attracted him, but of this, after what I have said, you will, when you have perused it, be as good a judge as I.

CLEOPATRA.
In Egypt, where the lotus slips the waters over fruitful Nile, and the huge Sphinx in awful silence—mystic converse with The stars—doth see the pale moon hang her crescent on
The pyramid's sharp peak, o'er there, way in
The straits of Time's perspective,
Went out by Caesar's quays from Rome,
The low-burned candle of the Nile,
Went out without a flicker in full glare
Of noon-day glory. When her flame lacked oil
Too proud was Egypt's queen to be
The staff of Roman spirits; so she said
"Good-night," and closed the book of life
And little understood; perchance misread
The greater part—yet, who shall say? Are we
An ermined bench to call her culprit fall-
Ings up
And make them plead for mercy? Or can we
Upon whom soon shall fall the awful shadow of
The Judgment Seat, stand in her light
And throw
Ourselves that shadow? Rather let fall
Her memory the softening gauze of time,
As mantle of a charity which else
We might not serve. She was a woman,
And a woman loved! What though the fierce
Simon blew ever hot within the sail
Of her desire? What if it shrank, the
Direction of her breath? Or if the rud-
der of
Her will did lean as many ways as tram-
med at saws,
And own as little worth? She was a
woman still,
And she did best understand
Who trust themselves the least; as they
are wisest
Who, for their safety, thank more the
open sea
Than pilot will. Oh! Egypt's self-born
Ought we to fasten in thy memory the
fangs
Of unalloyed distrust? We know how
Better in history's page than leaf where-
at the ink
Is it? Not yet should we forget how
much
The newer thou than we didst come to
The rough-worn corner-stone of Time.
We know
Thy proudest love enfolds Antony;
And that around the heart of Hercules
Jedanian, threading through and
through
Like the red rivers of his life, in tangled
No circumstance could e'er unravel, thou
Didst coil the dreamy, dazzling "Serpent
Of Time."
Thy sin sleek jagged out
From history's page, and bleeding tear
Fair judgment from thy merits. We per-
chance
Do wrong thee, Isis; for that coward,
History,
Who binds in death his object's jaw and
Bismuth her name, hath crossed his focus in
Another age, and paid his spreading ag-
nient from
Our sight. Thou art so far back toward
The misty autocret, whose wish, hyen-
like,
Was his religion, that, appearing as thou
dost
On an horizon new flushed in the first
Uncertain ray of Altruism, thou seem'st
More ghast than human. Yet thou
lovedst loving ghost,
And thy fierce parent flame thyself snuffed
out later than the dark'ning of the
fire
Thou gav'st to be eternal vestal of
Thine Antony's spirit. Thou dust love
and die
Of love; let, therefore, no light tongue,
brazen
Incense, say that nothing in thy life
Became thee like the leaving it. The
cloth
From which humanity is out is woven of
dark and wont of circumstance, and
all
Are much alike. We spring from out the
mantle, Earth,
And hide at last beneath it; in the interim
Our acts are less of us than they. We are
No sudden flash of thy sins, thou ending
link
Of Proteus's chain. Forsooth, we are too
O'erfilled with wondering how like to thee
We all had been, inloft and dressed in
the
Own age and circumstance.
The exercises of the evening concluded
with the reading of the familiar poem,
beginning
"I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Ebb's the crimson life-tide fast."
It was about noon the next day when
Matland called upon me. "See, Darrow,"
he began at once, "do you believe
in coincidences?" I informed him that
I did not, but that I was not altogether easily
misled. "Wait a moment," he said,
while I explain. For at least two years
prior to my recent return from California



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Ladies' Suits, former price \$25, now \$12.50.
Ladies' Suits, former price \$30, now \$15.00.
Ladies' Suits, former price \$40, now \$20.00.

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